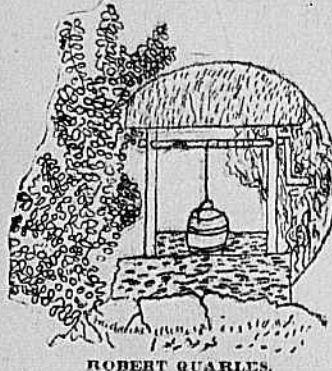




LENA LAFFIN.



MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.



ROBERT QUARLES.



EVELYN DYKE.



WADE H. VINCENT.



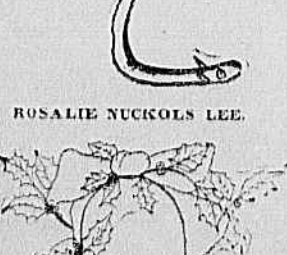
ESTELLE GATES.



ROSALIE NUCKOLS LEE.



GERTRUDE COYNER.



GERTRUDE COYNER.



GERTRUDE COYNER.

HARVIE BUTLER.

## Correspondence Column

Sends December Heading.

Dear Editor—I am sending you a heading for December, which I hope will escape the waste basket. I am, your little member, MARY CUSTIS LEE.

Romance, West Point, Va.

Days' Names in Figures.

Dear Editor—I have not written to you for so long I reckon you have forgotten me, although I used to write a great deal to the Children's Page. I send you a list of boys' names in figures, which I hope will escape the trash basket as I am not a very good drawer or writer. Please send me a badge, as I have lost mine. Your old member, GRIFITH MCREE.

100 North Linden Street, City.

Description of a Mule Ride.

Dear Editor—Anna May Kite, who is not an intimate friend of mine, invited Dorothea Massey, a girl who is with me all the time, and me to spend Sunday with her. She lives three miles out of town, so of course we had a very pleasant drive. Anna May's brother also had a friend with him that day. We wanted to go horseback, and as the horses were turned out in pasture and none of them in sight we decided to ride mules. Now I have often heard the expression, "Stubborn as a mule," but I never knew just how stubborn a mule was before. As all of the mules were dangerous but two, Dorothea Massey rode on behind me; Anna May rode by herself. The mules were so stubborn, that although we whipped them they wouldn't move. Clement, Egan and Martin Kite hit them with boards until they started out. We went a good piece up the road and then turned around to come back. Then the mule started out, almost fell off, as I had nothing to hold to except the bridle, for we were bareback and the mule was extremely short, and I had to lean way over to keep from losing my bridle. When the mule began to trot I screamed "Whoa!" and the louder I yelled the faster the mule went. I was laughing, and so was Dorothea, and that kept us from staying on too. At last we reached home safely and played a lot of games, and about 7 we drove home. Mr. Kite coming with us to take the mules and Anna May. Inclosed you will find some writings. MARGARET VANCE ROFF.

Shenandoah.

Joins Club Again.

Dear Editor—I am sending to you a little piece of drawing. I once belonged to the T. D. C. C. and stopped, and I wish to become a member again. I hope my drawing is good enough to be put in the T. D. C. C. I also hope to win a prize before long. I am fourteen years old. I sincerely hope my drawing is good enough to be put in the paper. Yours truly, BRIDE, VA. GERTRUDE JONES.

A Christmas Contributor.

Dear Editor—I was delighted to get the beautiful T. D. C. C. pin, and feel very much complimented being a member of your club. I hope I can favor you with a Christmas story. Very sincerely, MARGARET H. PATTERSON.

South Boston, Va.

Enjoyed Cards Received.

Dear Editor—I will try to write you a few lines this morning. I surely have enjoyed receiving cards from the members. I received cards from Ruth Throckmorton, Virginia Walker, Edith Rose, Eulah Stroud, Mary Gilliam, M. Shannon Morton, Warren Murray and John B. Woodville, and letters from Laura and Rosalie. Egan and Martin Vincent. I am sending a drawing with this letter; it is right large, but I could not draw it any smaller. I will close with best wishes for all. Hope you will have a very pleasant Thanksgiving. BLANCHIE ANTHONY.

R. F. D. No. 4, Box 20, Ashland, Va.

Ashamed of Himself.

Dear Editor—I am ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, but I have resolved to keep it up now and draw every week. I hope to see my drawings printed. We must close now. With love for you and the members, I remain, EMMA ANDERSON GARCIN.

Richmond.

A New Member from Lee.

Dear Editor—I am a little girl twelve years old. I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Will you please send me a badge? I hope I will not reach the waste basket. I have a little lemon tree. I planted the seed in a little bucket, and the seed came up, and now it is a little tree about a foot tall. I like to go to school. I will send you a story about Thanksgiving. Your little friend, LEE, VA. ROSALIE ALICE NUCKOLS.

A Little De Wit Lad.

Dear Editor—I would like to be a member of your Children's Page Club, so please send me a badge and rules. Will I have to school, am I in the first grade, I enjoy so much looking at the pictures in the children draw and hear their stories and letters read. Please send me a badge. I will close. Your little friend, NORWOOD BULLINGTON.

88 Cleveland Street, Durham, N. C.

Had Fine Time in Virginia.

Dear Editor—I have recently returned from Virginia, where I had a fine time. I brought home a turtle, which I found, also several frogs, which are now in my aquarium. I went fishing twice in the South Anna River, but did not catch much. I inclosed a drawing, which I hope will escape the waste basket, anyhow. Yours respectfully, WADE H. VINCENT.

118 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enjoys Members' Work.

Dear Editor—Although I have not sent in anything for about three weeks, I read the paper every Sunday. I certainly do enjoy all of the work sent by the members. I think the drawings and puzzles are just fine. I like to draw and like to see the drawings done by other members. I believe you will find some drawings, which I hope will be fortunate enough to escape the waste basket. Wishing the club much success, I am, your true member, EVELYN E. DYKE.

225 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

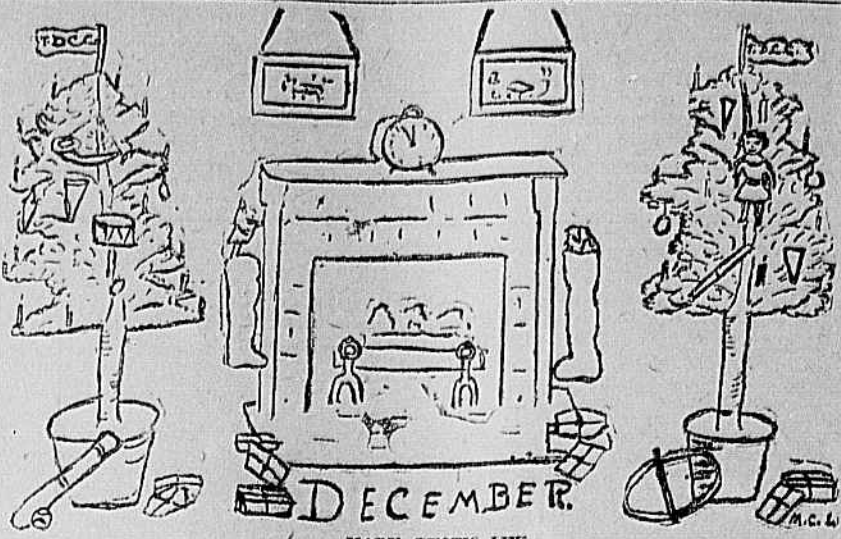
Pleased With Badge.

Dear Editor—I received my badge yesterday afternoon. I was very much pleased with it and thank you many times for it. I think the T. D. C. C. page is fine. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade. I like my teacher fine, and as you know, when you have a good teacher you can get along so much better. Well, as I am afraid it will soon be time for Mr. Wastebasket to come home, I will close. Hoping to see this in print, your member, STOCKTON, VA. VIOLA M. EAST.

P. S.—I read that Blanche Anthony had died. I hope she will soon be well. Interested friend.

Dear Editor—I have not sent anything to your page since soon after I became a member. I have been reading the T. D. C. C. page for several Sundays and have become interested again. I am sending a funny saying, which I selected, and hope to see it in the next paper. I will try to have something better for the next issue. Your member, KEADON WATKINS.

Shenandoah.



MARY CUSTIS LEE.

## Editorial and Literary Department.

## A Family Talk With the Editor

My Dear Boys and Girls:

I have praised you so much and so often that it seems quite strange for me to do anything else. But, in order to save you from disappointment over not seeing your work appear, there are some things I must tell you. I am holding out of the waste basket a selection of verses entitled "Crowned With Glory" and stories entitled "Thanksgiving" and "Indian Jim." Not one of these is signed, notwithstanding that you have been directed always to sign everything—not one thing merely, but everything—you contribute with your full name and address. I have another story, "How Iron Is Made," by L. Rosalie Bennett. It has her name, but no address.

Now I am going to hold these stories until the authors of them write and make good their omissions. I have been supplying their deficiencies myself, but I believe it is time to call a halt now. So I am calling it. Another thing I am complaining about is that you are writing me if you are on both sides of the paper, and that is expressly forbidden. So when you do not succeed in getting what you send published, stop and think. Ask yourself if you were careful to write neatly and spell correctly and sign your letter or your story or puzzle or drawing to the editor of the Children's Page, and not simply to The Times-Dispatch, as so many of you seem to prefer doing.

Now I am not writing this letter to members—not to those who are careful and conscientious and need no complaint, but to those who are losing credit through carelessness. I am so sorry for you to do this, and so I am publishing again to-day the club rules for you to read them and hereafter head them to your advantage and my own.

YOUR EDITOR.

The attention of club members is called to the necessity of their letters being addressed to the "Editor of the Children's Page." Letters sent addressed to the "Editor of The Times-Dispatch" from girls and boys cause much confusion and needless work. Sign letters and stories with name and address in full, and write on one side of the paper only.

CLUB RULES.

1. It is necessary to apply by letter to the editor for a membership badge. Afterwards, to be a member in good standing, it is necessary to be a regular and interested worker along some line preferred—that is, in the writing of stories, puzzles or letters, or in drawing.

2. It is necessary to write in ink and on one side of the paper only; to write neatly and distinctly, with attention to punctuation and spelling. All original composition will receive preference over selected articles.

3. It is especially necessary to sign everything sent in—not letters merely, but everything—with the full name and address of the sender.

4. Only those drawings done with a pen, in black ink, on white paper, will be accepted, as others cannot be reproduced.

5. Prizes are awarded weekly and medals given monthly for the best contributions during the week and month. Stories must be limited in length to 150 words. Look to these limits if you desire to see them in print. Letters should not be over 100 words, and as much under as possible.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Gertrude Coyner, Mineral, Va.; Robert Quarles, Hillsboro, Va.; George Plagman, 1514 West Leigh Street, City.

The names of November medalists will be published later in the month.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche Holman, M. E. Anderson, Frances Hancock, Aletha Jones, Gertrude Bullington, N. Kayser, E. M. Bennett, L. R. Cooke, Ruth L. Appen, Lena Munro, Gladys McCoy, Gertrude Davis, J. H. J. Davis, Edward J. Davis, Grace Darst, Dyke, Evelyn E. Dunn, Florence Patterson, M. A. Perdus, Landon Fletcher, J. P. Green, R. T. J. Garch, Emma A. Gayle, Hertha Gilliam, M. A. Gates, Estelle Holman, Maria Hubbard, M. R. Washer, Louise.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1831. He was a quiet boy, and never liked to mix with other people.

He went to Bowdoin College and made many friends, among them Longfellow, Franklin Pierce and Horatio Bridge. They spent their leisure fishing for trout and picking blackberries.

When he left school Hawthorne was very sad and lost his father, and his mother and sisters were in straitened circumstances. He tried to help by writing wonderful little stories, which showed his genius. Sometimes they were printed, but more often rejected.

About this time Miss Elizabeth Peabody determined to draw him out of his sad despondency, and before he knew what was happening he found himself invited to tea drinkings and dinners. He always appeared with a stern, fierce bearing to hide his shyness, and sometimes he would sit the whole evening without speaking, but

he enjoyed himself, nevertheless, for was not Miss Sophia Peabody always there?

Within a month she had promised to be his wife. This new happiness brought out the best there was in him, but he never got over his shyness.

About this time Hawthorne commenced his writing. He wrote many stories, but his genius was not recognized until "The Scarlet Letter" was published in 1850. "The House of Seven Gables" and "The Blithedale Romance" followed in 1851-52 and Hawthorne's name was fairly before the world as a great and original writer of romance.

Hawthorne spent the years of 1835-39 in Europe, and here some of his books were published.

When he returned to America the Civil War hung over the continent. He was so grieved to see this that he was taken with a strange lingering sickness, which he had not the strength to fight off, and he died May 12, 1864, at Plymouth, N. H., and was buried at Concord, Mass., in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Simple slabs bearing his name now mark his grave.

Hawthorne was strongly built, having broad shoulders and large, well-made hands and feet, and fine eyes like sapphires fringed with dark lashes.

He wrote many books and stories, among them "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "The Snow Image," and others, and being fond of children he wrote many stories for them, among them "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales."

MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

A THANKSGIVING ACROSTIC.

T is the time of Thanksgiving, now here,  
Day of renown, deep joy and good cheer.  
H is the harvest, now garnered in,  
For which we are thankful, O God of the poor.

A is the angel of plenty and mirth,  
Whose white wings have borne riches and bounties to earth.

N is November, near its close without fail,  
Comes Jolly Thanksgiving, whose dawning we hail.

K is the kindness which to-day we should show  
To those who are burdened with sorrow and woe.

S is the sunshine, which we all may shed  
In some gloomy cottage, or by the sick bed.

G is the goodness and greatness of  
With which we must give of our riches a part.

I is the increase that to us shall be given  
From the storehouses above from our Father in heaven.

V means the victuals—roast turkey and cakes,  
Mince pie and plum pudding like grandmother makes.

I mark the innocent spots of the young,  
The merry tales told, the happy songs sung.

N is for nightfall, which ends the bright day,  
But there's Thanksgiving yet in our hearts as we say.

G is for God, our dear Father above,  
Whose love never loses its kindness and love.

RUTH L. COOKE.

Buckner, Va.

THE CALENDAR MOTTO.

Please hang me on your wall,  
That you may see  
When comes the winter, the spring,  
summer and the fall.  
The month and the day and the year.  
And I hope you may not forget  
That I'm a little calendar yet.

GAY LEE.

1521 Grove Avenue, Richmond.

A GOOD BOY.

One upon a time lived a boy named Stuart. Every day when he came home from school he helped his mother. He swept the front porch, washed and wiped the dishes, and brought in wood. He also fed the chickens.

GERTHA GAYLE.

491 Louisiana Street, Richmond.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Once there was an old colored man walking out in the woods to find a nuttree for his young miss. As he went down in the woods he saw a figure clad in white, an Episcopal preacher attending the burial of a child. The preacher had on a long white robe. The old man stopped. He raised his hands and exclaimed, "Well, if the Lord ain't come after dia old nigger! I will ask Him to wait a little longer, as my master is going to give me a whole quart of old apple jack and my mistress a cake, so I hope the Lord will spare me till after Christmas, and I can gather around the fire and pick a tune on my old banjo." Wishing you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MARGARET A. PATTERSON.

South Boston, Va.

A HEROIC DOG.

(Continued.)  
The traveler went to his room, as people did then, in his back body and stogie, carrying his riding whip, and followed by the terrier, which snuffed at his heels all the way upstairs. There was a good fire of wood burning, and the traveler sat on the table. He ate it and then prepared to go to rest. The well-curtained bed, which stood within a

recess of the room. But he was puzzled by the excitement which the dog showed, and the way it watched his movements. What surprised him most was that the terrier ran backwards and forwards to the bed, and as he laid down each article of his clothes the animal came in to him again with a beseeching look. Then he tried sleeping on some of them, and this action seemed to satisfy the animal. He was so puzzled at the dog's conduct that he then dressed himself again.

As the dog kept pulling at the bedclothes the traveler went to his closet, and to his horror, under clean sheets and blankets, he discovered a bed which was dark with blood stains. This told him at once what had befallen other travelers, so, being a man of courage, he lit a candle, examined the walls for any secret openings, and drew out the pistols which he always carried, prepared to defend himself if need be. All this was watched by the dog, and then, looking towards the traveler to make sure that he noticed what was being done, he jumped upon the bed and lay himself down as if about to sleep. In a moment he leaped briskly off and stood a little way from the bed, watching it with fixed eyes and ears erect. Both the man and dog kept quiet and still, the dog evidently aware that something would happen. After a short time there was a clicking sound, and the bed suddenly descended through a chasm which opened in the floor of the room, while a strong light flashed from below.

Not a moment was to be lost, and throwing open the window, the traveler leaped out, followed by the faithful animal that had given him warning. He found himself close to the stable, and as one seizing his unsaddled horse, he galloped off at full speed. In a few minutes two of the landlord's sons had mounted and gave chase, but fortunately the traveler had a good horse, so that he reached the nearest town safely. The landlord and his sons were taken into custody, and proofs were found of the crimes they had committed, and they were hung. Soon after that the traveler married the landlord's wife and they named the little terrier dog Hero.

(The End.)

J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

1216 West Cary Street, Richmond.

THE SEWING CLUB.

"I am sure every one will have a fine time, and we will make plenty of money, and also have some left after our trip," Tenny ended.

The girls were all delighted, for they loved to work with Marion and Tenny. They all went to work at once. All worked until the night of the pink tea. Then they all came early to Tenny's, dressed in white, and Marion fixed their sashes on them while Tenny was hurrying around putting finishing touches to everything.

A STORY ABOUT THANKSGIVING.

Once there was a little girl named Martha, who was very rich, and as Thanksgiving was drawing near, she was very anxious to spend it in the country. Three days before Thanksgiving her mother, Mrs. Stewart, got a letter from her mother asking them all to come and spend Thanksgiving with them. Little Martha was delighted, because she loved to go to visit grandmother in her sweet old country home. They were to start the next day, which was the day before Thanksgiving. Martha was dressed in her little white dress and coat and cap. She and her mother and father drove down to take the train. Their train was an hour late, and little Martha began to cry because she thought the train had gone, but soon after it blew, and Martha dried her eyes and looked bright again. The train pulled up and stopped, and the three stepped on. Soon they reached their station, and four drove to the farmhouse and spent a pleasant evening.

The next morning little Martha woke up bright and early for she was excited over Thanksgiving, and wanted to have Thanksgiving dinner. After breakfast she and her little cousin went out to look at the pigs, horses, sheep and cows. The time passed on so fast that soon time came for dinner. For dinner they had turkey, beef, potatoes, pumpkin pies, potato pies, cakes, puddings and many other good Thanksgiving things. After dinner a man took them out driving along the pretty country roads. When they came back it was train time, so they went down to the station, having spent a very pleasant time.

Lee, Va.

MARY HOLMAN.

BOYS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

4 1 32 9 4.  
1 13 2 5 15 30.  
23 9 13 12 9 1 13.  
5 4 23 1 12.  
1 14 4 18 5 23.  
10 15 8 14 19 15 14.  
3 12 9 6 8 15 18 4.  
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10 15 19 5 18 8.

ESTELLE GATES.

BOYS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

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2 19 1 15 5 13.  
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5 20 8 5 15 4 14 15 5.  
6 3 12 5 13 5 14 23.  
7 12 1 21 14 3 6 12 15 20.  
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ESTELLE GATES.



BLANCHE ANTHONY.



UNSIGN.

## Puzzle Department

CITY IN PICTURE.